

*New Year's  
Number*

# Life

Vol. 76

Copyright, 1920, Life Publishing Company

No. 1991

DECEMBER 30, 1920

PRICE 15 CENTS



*Another Back Number*

# MICHELIN

## 30x3½



### The economical tire for small cars

THE popularity of the small car is based on a moderate first-cost plus economy of upkeep.

As for upkeep, this is vitally affected by tire expense, for tires poorly selected may cost as much, in the end, as the car itself.

Michelin Tires make small cars truly

economical, for Michelins are moderate in first cost and they last longer.

These superior tires for small cars are built in the same factory, of the same quality materials, by the same skilled workmen as large size Michelins.

Just give them a trial—that is all we ask.

**MICHELIN TIRE CO., Milltown, NEW JERSEY**

*Other factories in Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England, and Turin, Italy.  
Dealers Everywhere.*

THE tendency to grow stodgy and morose is one that most of us who are concerned, not only with our own private affairs, but with the course of our country, need constantly to fight.

Mr. Newell has expressed so admirably a sanitary view of life in the letter reproduced on this page that it came to us almost as a shock when we read it, to realize how far short so many fall from this essential attitude.

Read the next twelve issues and see if we come near to what you think will meet this demand for cheerfulness, humor and sanitary optimism. After all, why not have a cheerful LIFE?



160

### Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20. Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for twelve issues to

---



---



---

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.  
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60.)



*Here is a facsimile reproduction of a letter that recently appeared in the Newark News.*

### Advises Laughter and Cheerfulness As Antidotes for Spirit of War

*To the Editor of the NEWS:*

Sir—People often refer to the world as though it were a mythical something that moves in a mysterious way, creating conditions of a displeasing nature, concerning which public opinion is invariably negative and harsh. Brief meditation brings to mind the fact that the condition of the world, pleasing or displeasing, is but the result of actions of the people prompted by their state of mentality.

With the coming of war a spirit of fight was created within the populace, resulting in a universal solemnization and individual gloom. The war being over, world-wide conditions call for the exercising of the same degree of persistent effort in eliminating war thought and an absorbing and upbuilding of the spirit of good cheer, to the end that a universal congeniality may be engendered, which will materially aid in the amicable adjustment of numerous differences of great import and the early realization and enjoyment of peace, progress and prosperity.

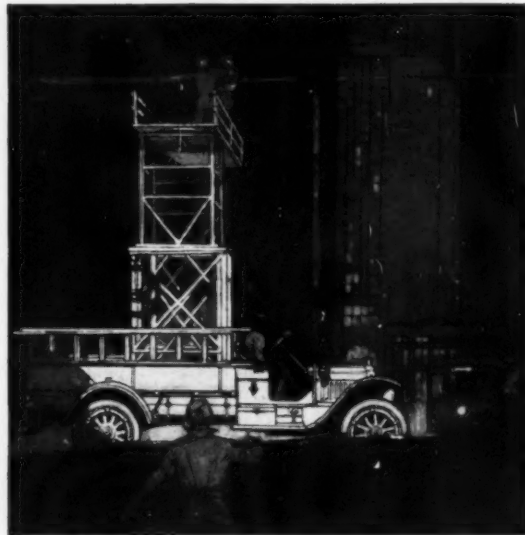
The above means living on the "Sunny Side," where grouches can not exist; where folks, through their own personal efforts, see the brighter and humorous side of things and their faces bespeak happiness, as in days of yore.

Let the much used and abused "H. C. L." signify, in future, "Have a Cheerful Laugh" and "Have a Cheerful Life."

Truly, the world is what the people make it.  
HENRY IRVING NEWELL







## FIRST *in* Public Utility Service

**I**N no other field of motor hauling do speed and dependability count as in public utility work. A five-minute delay in repairing a line might prove serious. Breakdowns need instant attention. The areas covered are often extensive. Emergency calls keep whole fleets on the go.

In the building and extending of telephone and telegraph, water, gas, railway, light and power lines, the

hauling is heavy and the roads often bad.

In this as in all other exacting fields, White Trucks are predominantly used. They have the stuff in them to stand up; as able to do a hard day's work after years of service as they were at the start. They are always ready and they *stay* ready. Year after year they continue to do the most work for the least money.

### A Summary of White Trucks in Public Utility Service

46 Telephone and Telegraph companies own 635 White Trucks.

143 Electric Light and Power companies own 482 White Trucks.

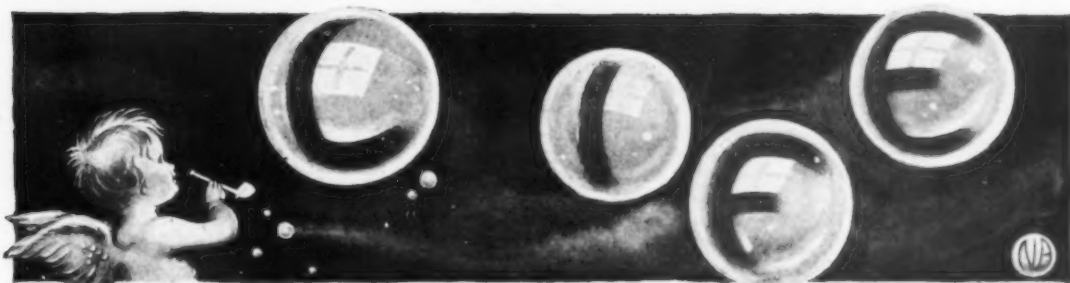
64 Railway companies own 144 White Trucks.

77 Gas companies own 230 White Trucks.

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

# WHITE TRUCKS





### *Ballade of Year's End*

THIS is the end of the year!  
 What have I done with the days?  
 Have I hung Lanterns of Cheer  
 High along tenebrous ways?  
 Have I helped shuddering strays  
 Up from the Valley of Fear?  
 What have I done with the days?  
 What have I done with the year?

This is the end of the year!  
 What have I done with the days?  
 Blossoms—blue skies—waters clear,  
 What have I sung in their praise?  
 Unfinished still are the lays  
 Tamar is waiting to hear!

What have I done with the days?  
 What have I done with the year?

This is the end of the year!  
 What have I done with the days?  
 What have I built? Dim and drear,  
 Only a pitiless maze!  
 Out of its ominous haze  
 Comes a voice sad and austere:  
 "What have you done with the days?  
 What have you done with the year?"

Thus have I spent the bright days:  
 Seeking—new lips to call dear!  
 Seeking—the metal that pays!  
 Thus have I squandered the year!  
 Edward W. Barnard.



The Sheltered One



The Boy: JUST LIKE A WOMAN—YE ASKED ME TO TAKE YE DOWN, AN' NOW YE WANTA CHANGE YER MIND

### New Year's Resolutions

**B**ECAUSE it is the custom,  
Though breakage I abhor,  
I'll make a few—and bust 'em.  
Is not that what they're for?

### Father Time Owns Up at Last

**F**ATHER TIME was interviewed yesterday in his new bungalow just this side of the River Styx.

"Can you give the readers of *LIFE* any idea as to the program for the coming year?" asked our reporter.

"It would be incompatible with the dignity of my office and a distinct violation of my treaty with the Millennium to give away in advance the plot of any particular year."

"But in a general way—without violating any of your well-known rules—you can give some indication. How about the weather?"

"I shall continue to distribute the weather as my fancy dictates, and I hope to spring the usual disagreeable surprises."

"How about the pay of our school-teachers?"

"I think I can promise the usual illuminating discussions with no results."

"Um. Will Harding—?"

"Now, now, my dear boy—no personalities."

"Well, then, there's Russia, the Japs, war and peace, the increase in crime, the length of the girls' skirts, divorces, accidents, profiteering, taxes, and—"

"Don't worry—they'll all be on hand."

The truth suddenly dawned on our reporter.

"Look here, you old hypocrite," he

shouted, "you're trying to throw a bluff. As a matter of fact, you don't know any more than I do what is going to happen—do you?"

Father Time stroked his beard calmly.

"If I did," he said at last, "what good would it do? Now you go back and tell 'em all to go on living just as I have been living for the past million years—it's the only sensible thing to do."

"And that is—?"

"From day to day."

T. L. M.

### Amity

**W**HEN Uncle Sam says to John Bull:

"If you will try to bear with my damn fools, I will try to bear with yours," that's hands across the sea.

It is on that basis that the Irish question will have to be settled.

### Improvement

**M**OTHER: Now, Willie, if you put this wedding cake under your pillow, what you dream will come true.

WILLIE: Why can't I eat the cake and put the pillow over my stomach?

### 1920

H C L  
J A Z Z  
O U I J A  
S H I M M Y  
S T R I K E S  
E L E C T I O N  
L A N D L O R D S  
B O L S H E V I K I  
P R O H I B I T I O N  
P R O F I T E E R I N G

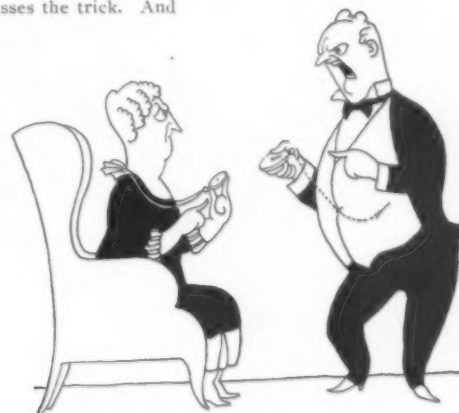
## Seeing the New Year In



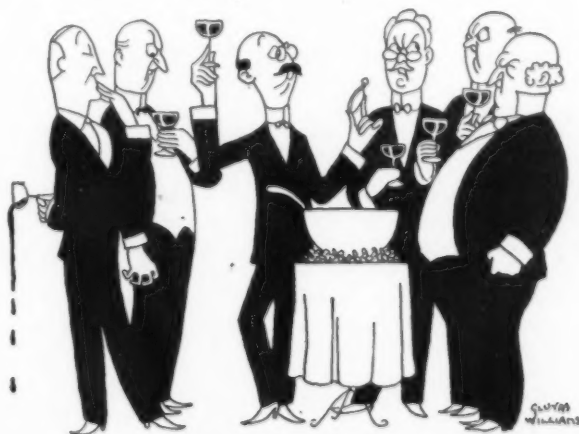
Never is the New Year so long in coming as when you sit up with friends to see it in. Since ten o'clock the Flippits and their guests, the Dalrymples, have maintained conversation only by herculean mental efforts. Now at ten after eleven it has completely perished. Mrs. Flippit has just played her last card by offering her book of snapshots to Mr. Dalrymple, but he is completely absorbed in deciding whether the clock has stopped, and passes the trick. And fifty minutes of 1920 remain!



Can anyone say wherein the pleasure lies of being roused from sound slumber, wished a Happy New Year and left to toss the rest of the night thinking of income taxes, strikes, coal shortages, payments on mortgages and other joys that the New Year holds in store? Mrs. Elfrida Wynn can't say, but still she lies awake till midnight so as to be sure to wish her dear Ferdinand a Happy New Year on the stroke of twelve.



The vagaries of the Wasgatts' timepieces are always a fruitful source of dispute on New Year's Eve. When his watch says midnight, Mr. W. is quite ready to exchange the season's greetings and go to bed; but, unfortunately, Mrs. W. backs her own watch, which shows only quarter past eleven. There follows an argument of such heat that when midnight finally does sound, they are not on speaking terms, and can't wish each other a "Happy New Year," anyway.



Do you know how the guests of the Borgias felt just before the poison was administered? So feel the guests of Horatio Goodfellow, who is credited, by common consent, with making the worst hooch in town. He has sprung a pleasant surprise at his New Year's party in the form of a bowl of his own brewing, and has announced that on the tick of twelve they will toast the New Year.

CLYDE WILKINS



## The Power of the Press



THE Police Commissioner of New York City explains the wave of crime in that city by blaming the newspapers. The newspapers, he says, are constantly printing accounts of robberies and murders, and these accounts simply encourage other criminals to come to New York and do the same. If the papers would stop giving all this publicity to crime, the crooks might forget that there was such a thing. As it is, they read about it in their newspapers every morning, and sooner or later have to go out and try it for themselves.

This is a terrible thought, but suggests a convenient alibi for other errant citizens. Thus we may read the following NEWS NOTES:

Benjamin W. Gleam, age forty-two, of 1946 Ruby Avenue, The Bronx, was arrested last night for appearing in the Late Byzantine Room of the Museum of Fine Arts clad only in a suit of medium-weight underwear. When questioned Gleam said that he had seen so many pictures in the newspaper advertisements of respectable men and women going about in their underwear, drinking tea, jumping hurdles and holding family reunions, that he simply couldn't stand it any longer, and had to try it for himself. "The newspapers did it," he is quoted as saying.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Leonia M. Eggcup, who was arrested yesterday on the charge of bigamy, issued a statement to-day through her attorneys, Wine, Women and Song.

"I am charged with having eleven husbands, all living in various parts of the United States," reads the statement. "This charge is correct. But before I pay the extreme penalty, I want to have the public understand that I am not to blame. It is the fault of the press of this country. Day after day I read the list of marriages in my morning paper. Day

after day I saw people after people getting married. Finally the thing got into my blood, and although I was married at the time, I felt that I simply had to be married again. Then, no sooner would I become settled in my new home, than the constant incitement to further matrimonial ventures would come through the columns of the daily press. I fell, it is true, but if there is any justice in this land, it will be the newspapers and not I who will suffer."

Robert C. Benchley.



SMALL MERCIES

*His Wife:* IS THERE ANYTHING SERIOUS THE MATTER WITH THAT PATIENT WHO SENT FOR YOU TO-DAY?

*Young Doctor:* NO. STILL, I CAN'T COMPLAIN.

## The Wonder of It

THE great mind expert leaned over toward Crabtree with a smile illuminating his tranquil face.

"You wrote me," he said, "that you are in love with this girl, and wish to know by what method to propose—by letter, by phone, or by appointment, and now you've come for treatment."

"That's it."

"No, nothing of the sort. Put yourself in an utterly passive position, concentrate on the girl, and wait. She will come to you."

"How long will I have to wait?"

"That depends upon how soon you can get into harmony with the universe."

"How much do I owe you?"

"Twenty-five."

Crabtree settled and departed. On the way through the outer office he came face to face with the girl.

"What are you doing here?" he gasped.

"Somebody telephoned that I must see you at once on a vital matter, and they told me at your office where you had gone. So here I am."

## A Fable

LO! there was once an artistic maiden who did things cleverly and wore bobbed hair and smocks. Her art was really very bad, nor was the maiden unaware of it. She had three suitors, and she was sore perplexed, until one day suitor No. 1 said, "I shall be frank. Your art is very bad, but I love you." She dismissed him.

Suitor No. 2 said, "Your art is very good."

The maiden said to him, "Prithee, sir, do you not agree with me that in places it is a bit—er—crude?"

He answered the maiden, "Now that you speak of it, I agree with you that in places it is a bit—er—crude." And she cast him forth from her father's threshold.

Suitor No. 3 spake unto the maiden in this wise: "Your art is

perfect. It delights my soul. It is true Art, without flaw. I love you."

The maiden knew in her heart that her lover lied, and she straightway married him.

Ruth O'Hanlon.

## Hard on Danbury

FIRST PLAYWRIGHT: You don't mean to say you are dubious about your play?

SECOND PLAYWRIGHT: I certainly am. They liked it so well in Danbury, Conn., that I'm afraid it's over the head of Broadway.



"It's a girl"



"THERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO SEE WHAT THE INSIDE OF A CHURCH LOOKS LIKE, JAMES. NOW THAT YOU'VE TAKEN UP GOLF, YOU MAY NEVER GET ANOTHER"

### They Certainly Missed It

THE stagecoach rumbled slowly along the edge of one of the Sierras, and the declining rays of the sun gilded the distant horizon, as one traveler said to the other:

"I wish my wife's father was here; he'd enjoy that sunset."

"It's a good sunset," said the second traveler.

"Yep. And there's old Bill Hawkins. He would enjoy this one. He's great on sunsets."

"And Jimmy Cox," said the second traveler. "He would love this sunset."

"Likes 'em, does he? Well, I'll bet he doesn't like 'em any better than my first cousin, Tilly Jones. She just can't wait for the sun to get ready to go down."

"She would enjoy being here now with Josephus Daniels. I never saw a man appreciate a sunset like Josephus."

"Likes 'em, does he?"

"It's great to see him drinking in one. And there's Bryan, and Galsworthy and—"

"And Sarah Pratt, and my niece, Maggie, and—"

The second traveler chortled in rude interruption. The sun had now gone down.

"Yep," he cried. "But there's only one

thing I'm sorry for—that all those folks couldn't have been here to enjoy this particular sunset—even if we didn't."

### Her Value Enhanced

WIFE: I'm afraid you don't love me as you did, Jack.

HUSBAND: Whatever makes you think such a thing?

"You used to get up first and prepare the breakfast, and now you let me do it."

"But, darling, I love you all the better for that."

"DID you notice those two new fellows at the boarding-house this morning?"

"Yes; one is a farmer and the other a city man."

"How could you tell?"

"The farmer said: 'Will you pass the cream, please?' and the city man asked: 'Is there any milk in that pitcher?'"

### Re Ireland

YOU can rule all of some people some of the time and some of one people all of the time, but you can't rule all of some people all the time.



Keeper: YES'M, HE'S OUR SADDEST CASE, MUM. HE WENT DIPPY 'CAUSE HE COULDN'T SWEAR OFF BOOZE ON NEW YEAR'S ANY MORE



### The Drunken Wind

THE wind has loved the sea too well,  
The salt is on her lips,  
Strong tang of tar, of sail, of spar  
And musty holds of ships;  
And like a drunken sailor he,  
On wide, uncertain feet,  
Goes rolling down the troubled town  
Through every crowded street.

He bumps against the busy men  
With minds on trade and mart;  
He wakes a gleam of olden dream  
Half-stirring in each heart;  
And one small, plain stenographer  
Will never know nor guess  
Why sudden she knew ecstasy,  
The sweet of a caress.

The wind has loved the sea too well,  
And drunk with love is he;  
But he will yet, ah! soon forget,  
And wander once more free.  
And he will roam the countryside,  
All debonair and gay—  
But the dream he woke in city folk  
Will haunt for many a day!

Edmund Leamy.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

### Called to Account

"HENRY!"  
There was an inflection in Mrs. Hudspeth's tones that caused her husband to set his jaws and draw his features into a stolid expression.

"Well!" he monotoned.

"You remember Charley Beaumont who used to live near us and worked in the feed store? Well, you know he was not considered to be an exceptionally apt young man, but they say he left the feed store several years ago and took up sculpturing, and is now conceded to be one of the best in the world."

"Uh-huh!"

### IF HE STILL HAS HIS TEETH

"A reporter who interviews me  
When I get to be ninety, by gee!  
If he lets it be sprung  
That I'm ninety years young,  
I'll chase him and bite off his knee!"

"His work has been placed on exhibition in practically every civilized country on the globe, and he has been highly commended by some of the crowned heads of Europe. They say the revenue from his work is something enormous."

"Yeah?" Henry Hudspeth braced himself for what he knew was coming.

"Now," Mrs. Hudspeth cast a reproving glance in her husband's direction, and

there was a world of reproach in her tones, "why couldn't you have done that?"

Harry J. Williams.

### Dyed in the Wool

"IS Bixby as much of a Democrat as ever since the election?"

"Is he? Why, when his wife buys the children animal crackers he makes her take out the elephants."



A NEW YEAR'S DAY REFORM IN THE TROPICS

## Farthers

(As the small boy views them.)

**F**ARTHERS are the men your Muther married. They go to Offis every day to get there Mony on Saturday. You do not know how Much they Get but you can lick any feller on the block who says it isn't More than his Farther gets. Sometimes Farthers go to Offis at night to see there Frends who are Sick, wich is why Muthers do not like Offises.

Farthers are very Useful to Muthers becaws when she is at her Wits Ends or you have done something Awful she says she will certainly Speak to your Farther when he comes home. And then he asks you all about what you have Done when you are trying to Forget that you Did it, and he looks at you Fierce and says What do you mean Sir, and if you Anser you are Impident and if you dont Anser you are Sullen and ether way you get Sent to Bed. You used to be Skared to Deth when he talked about sending you to Reform Skool, but i time you herd him laffing with your Muther afterward and telling her she'd order seen what he done at that Age. So now you just act Respeckful and try to say Yessir and Nossir at the places he Expects you to, wile he is Jumping on you.

They are not nearly so Partickerler as Muthers about how you Look, and they do not think you will probly Grow Up to be a Mirderer or Something becaws your Teecher caught you smoking a Cigaret back of the Skool, or that you will never go to Heaven becaws you say dam and hel when you are playing Pirats.

They will let you keep Rabbits and Ginny pigs wich your Muther says are Pests, and let you ask questions about Things your Muther says you are Too Young to know about Yet.

And when you fall off the Shed and Brake your Leg Farthers will bring you a puppy to keep you Co., and stay up all nite telling you funny stories to make you forget how it Hurts, and never Let On that they Notis if you Cry some.

**Y**OUTH measures the future with the straight, new ruler of the present; Old Age, by the frayed and patched plumb-line of the past.

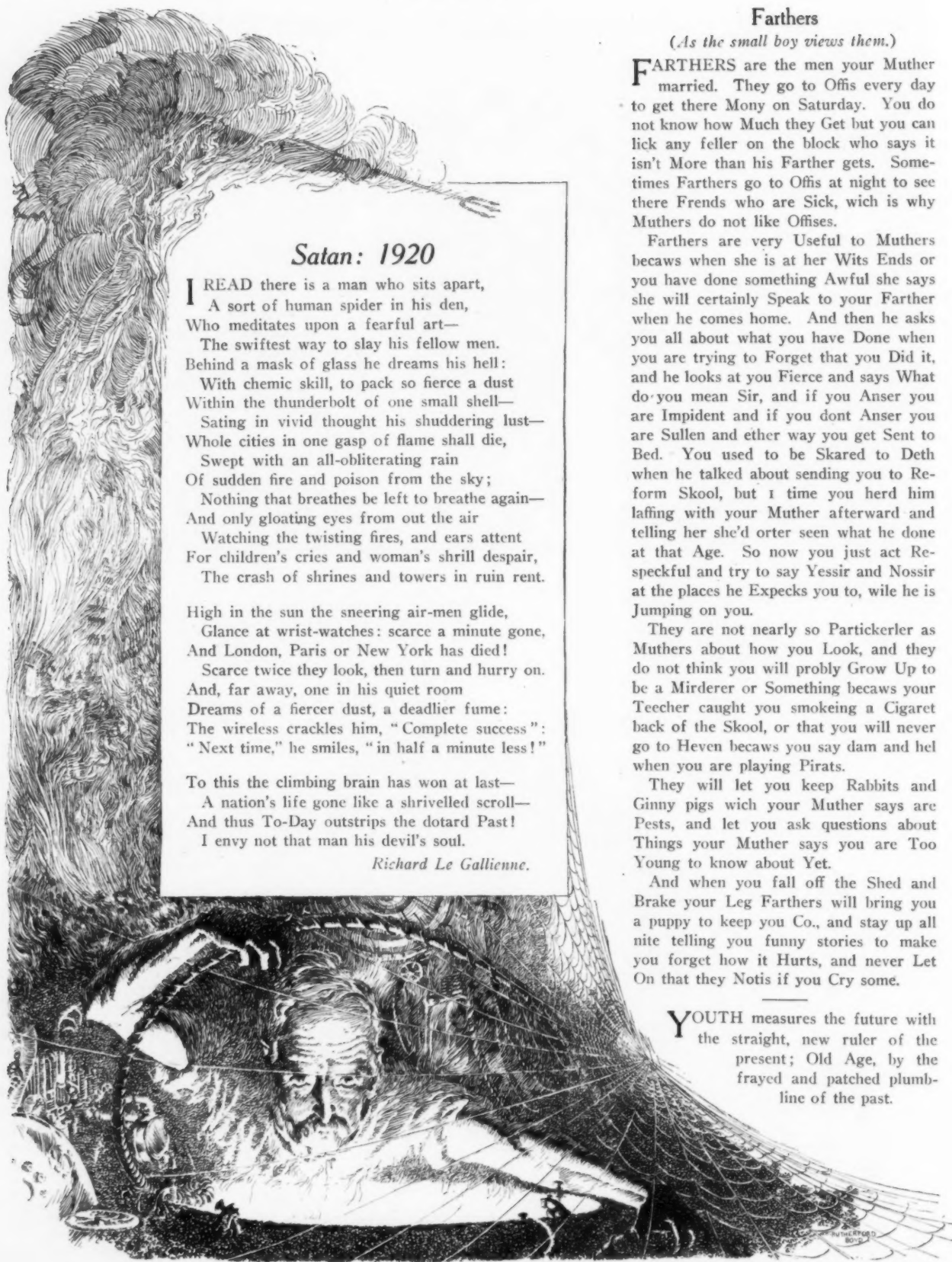
## Satan: 1920

**I** READ there is a man who sits apart,  
A sort of human spider in his den,  
Who meditates upon a fearful art—  
The swiftest way to slay his fellow men.  
Behind a mask of glass he dreams his hell:  
With chemic skill, to pack so fierce a dust  
Within the thunderbolt of one small shell—  
Sating in vivid thought his shuddering lust—  
Whole cities in one gasp of flame shall die,  
Swept with an all-obliterating rain  
Of sudden fire and poison from the sky;  
Nothing that breathes be left to breathe again—  
And only gloating eyes from out the air  
Watching the twisting fires, and ears attent  
For children's cries and woman's shrill despair,  
The crash of shrines and towers in ruin rent.

High in the sun the sneering air-men glide,  
Glance at wrist-watches: scarce a minute gone,  
And London, Paris or New York has died!  
Scarce twice they look, then turn and hurry on.  
And, far away, one in his quiet room  
Dreams of a fiercer dust, a deadlier fume:  
The wireless crackles him, "Complete success":  
"Next time," he smiles, "in half a minute less!"

To this the climbing brain has won at last—  
A nation's life gone like a shrivelled scroll—  
And thus To-Day outstrips the dotard Past!  
I envy not that man his devil's soul.

Richard Le Gallienne.





*Larry*

"DON'T YOU JUST LOVE WINTER!"  
"YES—IN SUMMER."



## The Year of Years



fell."

"How about the publication of the first weather report?" asked 1438 A. D.

"Or the discovery of the first cold-storage egg?" ventured 316.

"Or the springing of the first Adam and Eve joke?" 4762 B. C. fairly shouted.

Just then a faint knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said the year 1, who was chairman of the admissions committee.

The great portals swung open slowly to admit a battered and broken-down old individual who appeared to have been on a long and wearying journey.

"Who are you?" asked the chairman.

The stranger surveyed them through glazed eyes.

"I am 1920," he faltered.

THE Years That Used to Be were lounging about in their club rooms in the Hall of Time, talking about the good old days when they held sway over the earth, and arguing as to which of them had enjoyed the worst experiences during his twelve-month term of office.

"I had a pretty tough three hundred and sixty-five days of it," remarked 1066, "what with the Norman conquest and the battle of Hastings and—"

"Oh, lay off! Lay off!" groaned 538 B. C. "Haven't we heard all about your achievements over and over again? Now, I claim that the world was at its worst when Babylon

"Hail! Hail! The gang's all year!" sang the assembled chorus.

"What is more," 1920 went on, "I am, officially, the worst year yet."

"What?" shouted the others, in comparative unison.

"I-I'm the worst year yet," croaked the newcomer, a trifle apologetically.

"And, pray tell, what did *you* do, that entitles you to take on such airs?" queried 1492, as soon as he could control his raucous and stentorian mirth.

"Well—there was a presidential election, and a yacht race that wasn't a race, and a king was killed by a monkey, and Babe Ruth hit fifty-four home runs and—"

"Come, come!" broke in 1776. "This is ridiculous. I move we throw him out."

"Silence!" commanded the year 1. "Let the stranger have his say."

"And the Treaty of Peace was knifed," continued 1920, "and an Irish patriot starved himself to death for some reason or other, and woman suffrage was enforced and Prohibition was not, and—and—"

At this point the old fellow broke down.

"What else happened? Out with it!" demanded the crowd.

"And it was proved," he choked, "it was proved that baseball is crooked."

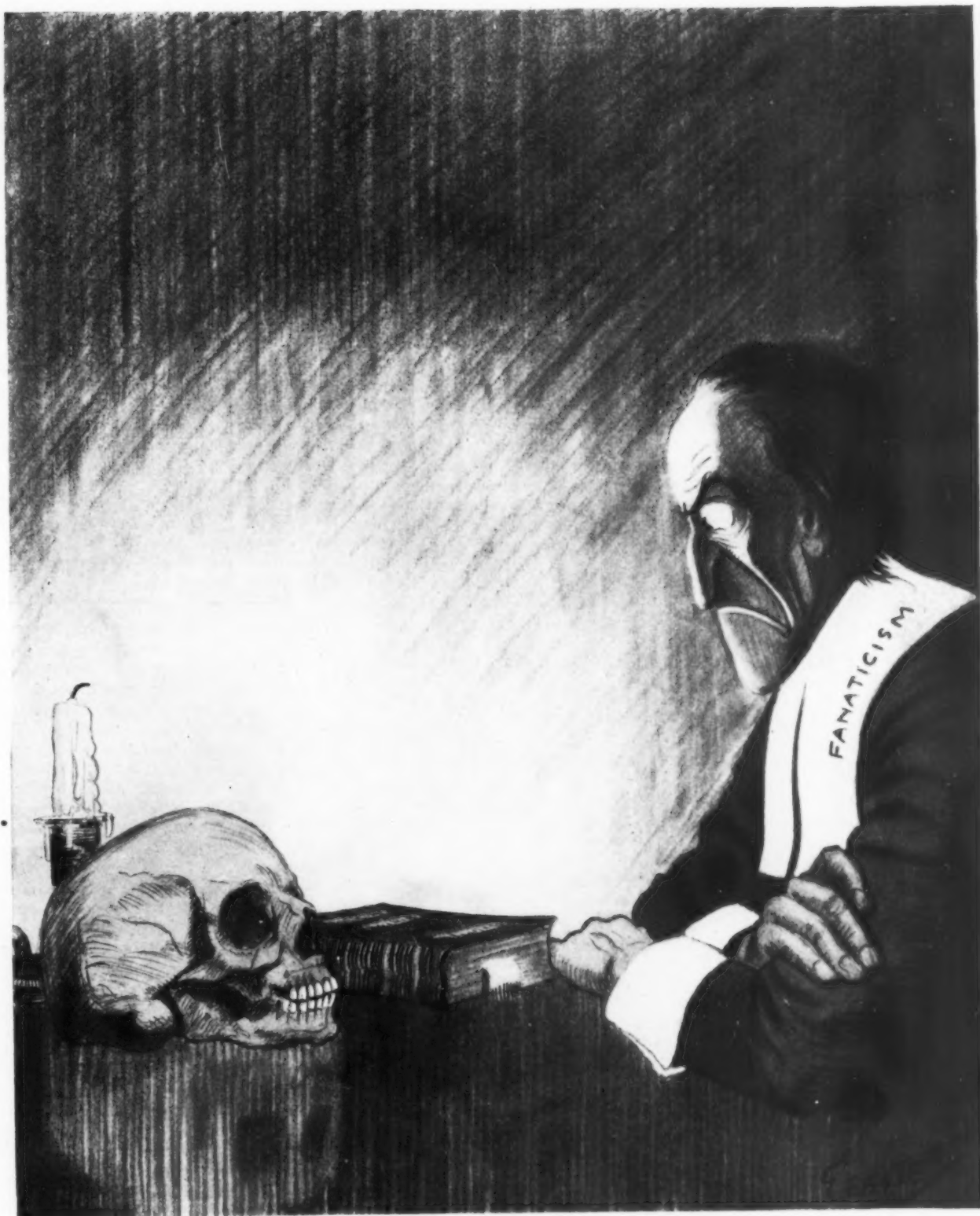
A dead, oppressive hush fell over the multitude of years. They dared not look at each other; they dared not speak. They could only cast down their eyes in silent horror.

The world had touched bottom at last.

Robert E. Sherwood.



Mrs. Ug-glug (as polar bear chases husband): OH, DEAR! HUBBY PROMISED ME A BEAR-SKIN RUG FOR OUR NEW HOUSE, AND I'M SO AFRAID HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET IT



"How dare thee grin on Lord's day!"



DECEMBER 30, 1920

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

London Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

VOL. 76. No. 1991



IF we are going to have any fun in these times, we must get it where we can find it. There are depressing influences enough eager to intrude themselves upon attention if we let them, and some of them, of course, deserve notice and get it. For one thing one could wish that people of this particular parish were better looking. In the streets and especially in the public conveyances the standard of pulchritude is not very high. Some very worthy people are not very handsome. In Holland, for example, which is a very good country indeed, one is not much cheered by beauty in human form as he sees it going about. Nor nowadays in New York. The great mix-up of races here has produced a population that is not gladdening to the eye—lots of people undersized and sallow skinned with gainful, and too often greasy, features. It is a sturdy enough population: its units look physically strong. This generation of Americans of whatever derivation is fatter and weighs more than the old Yankee type, which ran more to leg and bone. The influence of football and outdoor sports and physical training generally, probably has to do with it, but besides all that and behind it is food. The population of New York seems to get enough to eat and all things considered of good quality. Enough bread, enough cereals, probably enough fruit. One sees in it signs of nourishment, but for beauty it is not much. It seems coarser, more material, more physical than it used to be, and though it is good natured enough, its spirituality, if it has any, is not much visible.

And then the way this city is governed just now does not make especially for joy. We are funny people. We talk about self-determination and take fire at the sound of Liberty, and try to be judi-

cial about Ireland and what she ought to have, and here at home in our own town we sit still and bear it while impudent and brutal conspirators take millions by the hundred out of helpless people, and organized rascals oppress and plunder the town. It may be that New York is not capable of self-government and that good government ought not to be expected for it. It may be that Hylan and Enright and the like of them are about what we are entitled to, and that we have about all that should be expected when, having set up incompetents to govern the city, we sustain a legal apparatus to prosecute them when their delinquencies become intolerable. Considering what the electorate of New York is and how interest fights interest or combines with it, and how easily minor faults or even virtues destroy the popularity of good officials, the wonder is not so much that intelligent government cannot hold its job, as that we ever have it at all. The cheering thought about it all is that bad government runs out about as promptly as good government. When an administration is good the chances seem to be that the next will be bad, and when one is bad, the chances are that the next will be better.

But there is no use of being any sadder about these things than the economic and moral effects of them compel. Philadelphia is corruptly governed most of the time, yet human life goes on there in the main with an enviable composure. So New York. No matter who is Mayor, or what the tax-rate is, or what the rapacity of contractors and labor leaders may exact, a great deal of kindly life goes on here. In no part of the world are the conditions of life and the relations of men anywhere near ideal. Even now with all the troubles that are the legacy of the war, people in the world could get along if they could agree and work together. But they do not; not yet. They have no confidence in one another and not enough

confidence as yet in any system of control that will make the world safe. The temper of all the world is the temper of the "morning after." A great spree is ended and the participants are slowly recovering.

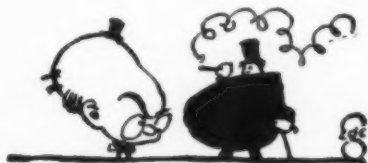


INASMUCH as the recovery of mankind is going to be slow, and accompanied by very many trying incidents, we cannot wait for it to be over before attempting to have any fun. The public disposition is not for any such delay. The public wants all the fun it can get and has had quite a bit of it, such as it was, in the last few years. It has been the kind of fun that came with big wages and all manner of profiteering, and the feverish nature of it has been sufficiently remarked by observers. As the stream of money diminishes, if it does diminish, merriment will have to be cheaper and somewhat more sober, which will be all to the good. Meanwhile, all innocent pleasures that do not cost much ought to be cultivated.

One of the greatest contributors of innocent joy just now is Bro. Boies Penrose, whose discourses on the problems of government are naïve and delightful. Brother Penrose has been ill and is better. He has been recuperating at Atlantic City and talking to reporters. He has no hesitations and apparently no unmanly reticence, and speaks his mind so frankly about Mr. Harding's prospective cabinet as to make the *Public Ledger* wonder whether the seat of prospective government is at Marion or at Atlantic City. Brother Penrose is distinctly old style. "Mr. Root for Secretary of State? No! No!" he says, "Root won't do at all. I



think very well of James M. Beck. He is an able man and would make a good Secretary of State." He is not favorable to Mr. Harding's idea of getting the nations into association. "Americans want to go along in the old-fashioned way without entangling foreign alliances. Personally I am opposed to international idealism and the higher thought in world politics." Hoover, as Brother Penrose sees him, belongs with Bryan in a museum of curiosities, along with other things that have lost their usefulness. Perhaps, as to Hoover, he only means that he has lost his political usefulness, of which, to be sure, he never had much store. Certainly the enterprise of feeding starving children in Europe, in which he is the leader, is the best bet in sight; a work in which all kinds of people unite and give their time and money to promote.



**B**RO. PENROSE comes right out in the open just as he is, and the sight of him and the sound of his candid sentiments, help to clarify thought. By nature and choice, he is a representative of reaction, and a good one, because he seems little disturbed either by heat or by hate. And he says he has no use for the higher thought in world politics. Since his kind for the moment seems to have charge of the world and the immediate direction of its destinies we will do well to pay attention to it, and try to understand its feelings and purposes. For the moment the controlling sentiment of the world is with him. The higher thought in politics is a considerable strain on human nature, and when human nature gets tired of carrying it, it always sets it down and rests. The world generally set down the higher thought in world politics immediately after the armistice. It had fought the war through to save civilization, and had put into that job every bit of higher thought that it could raise. The job being over, it wanted to get right back to earth and rest, and have things as nearly as possible as they were before the war. Great Britain is governed to-day by a Parliament elected just after the armistice by voters who felt very much as Brother Penrose feels, and having spent nearly all they had of life and money for the rescue of the world, England included, wanted to get the most possible material good out of the salvage. It is that Parliament that

has to deal with Ireland. The rest of Europe is now of very much that same way of thinking, and our late election demonstrated the prevalence of the same sentiment in the United States.

Senator Penrose is by no means representative of the whole of Mr. Harding's administration, but he stands well enough for one great factor in it, and for one set of feelings and interests with which it will have to deal. There are plenty of forward-looking Republicans, but evidently the controlling purpose of the coming administration will be not so much to press forward, as to look around and save the pieces of a world that used to be considered pleasant. Of course that is worth doing, and the Penrose kind of people can do their part in it if they get the right assignment and get to work. They have a reputation for getting things done. There is an enormous list of practical things that need terribly to be done. Let us hope they will tackle them.

What we all want is efficiency. The business of the country is too much mired in government. There are far too many new laws and regulations. They require far too much interpretation, and the official interpreters are intolerably slow and incompetent.

But there is need of good brains for efficient work! Hamilton had them, but Hamilton's resemblance to Brother Penrose was not close. Aldrich had them considerably, and we profit now from his labors on the currency bill, but he is no longer in the Senate. If the new administration is going to make a proud record, it must produce men with brains who are willing to work. But one great job is ahead that is quite liable to stump even the best of them, and that is the reconciliation of Labor to the facts of life. That threatens to call for some infusion of the higher thought before it is accomplished. It cannot be done with a club.

E. S. Martin.



"I DON'T WANT TO BE BORN."



New Year  
ANOTHER ENCO



New Year's  
OTHER ENCORE





New Year's  
ANOTHER ENCOR

L E .



New Year's  
OTHER ENCORE



### Latest Five-Star Extra Review!

IT is rather silly to sit here and say that just now the dramatic season seems to be slowing up, when, by the time this issue reaches the eagerly outstretched hands of its readers, three important openings will have taken place in one week.

During the next ten days, when these pages are being set in type and printed for perpetuation and use in the schools, Barrie's "Mary Rose," Mr. Belasco's production of "Deburau" and Mr. Hopkins' revival of "The Beggar's Opera" all will have opened, and our review of "Cornered" will hardly satisfy those who crave the latest in theatrical news. This is very tantalizing for an alert reviewer.

So tantalizing, in fact, that I think that I shall review these three plays before they open. It is often done by some of our more enterprising newspapers, and the readers seldom know the difference. There may be a few touches which will have to be added next week after I have seen the performances, but the general outline can be sketched in now, thereby beating the other weekly dramatic departments by at least ten days. And that's something, anyway.



FOR instance, anyone who reads reviews at all knows that it is none too early to write the following about "Mary Rose":

"Never have Barrie's charm and whimsicality been more apparent than in the charming and whimsical play which opened before a charmingly whimsical audience last night at the whimsical old Empire Theatre.

"It is unfortunate that Miss Adams abandoned her original intention of playing the leading rôle, for, after all, there is no one like Miss Adams for a Barrie play; and yet, failing Miss Adams, we could have asked for no one better than Miss Chatterton."

Or this about "Deburau":

"It goes without saying that every detail in the production was perfect. Even to the lighting in the.....scene in which Mr. Atwill....., the staging was a tribute to Mr. Belasco's wizardry, and a highly enthusiastic audience voiced its approval at each rise of the curtain.

"Mr. Atwill's performance was polished

and full of lights and shades, and he was ably assisted by the always popular Rose Coghlan, the extremely personable Elsie Mackaye, Margot Kelly, whose flaming crown of hair grows more lovely each season, Rowland Buckstone, fresh and hearty from Shakespearean rôles and that excellent actor, Sidney Toler."

And it is safe to predict that no review of "The Beggar's Opera" will be complete without stating, at great length, the following fascinating facts:

"This earliest of comic operas, by John Gay (who was a friend of Congreve, Swift, Pope and the rest of the wits of his day), was first produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, on January 29, 1727, after having been rejected by Colley Cibber for Drury Lane. It had a run of sixty-three nights, a record for those days. Its first production in America was in 1751 at the Nassau Street Theatre, and there it was a favorite of George Washington (later President of the United States, 1789-1796). It will be remembered that Washington led the Colonial forces in the war against England, and was followed in the presidency by John Adams (1796-1800)."

Whatever else of importance there may be to add to these reviews will be inserted in the next issue but one. For the present we will rest content at having executed one of the most sensational feats of enterprising journalism of the generation.



MACLYN ARBUCKLE, IN "DADDY DUMPLINS."



AND now to take up those plays which have already opened as this article is being written.

There are so few good comedienness available to-day that the sight of Madge Kennedy devoting her many talents to a play like "Cornered" is enough to make one gnash a tooth. Every once in a while, out from the laborious grindings of the old-fashioned crook-play machine, comes a spark from Miss Kennedy, and you see what might have been. A good comedy line entrusted to her is thrice blest, for aside from its original value she enhances it with her unusual understanding of the comic and an exceedingly attractive look about the eyes. In "Cornered" she has

the difficult task of delivering almost burlesque lines in the manner of one saying something really good, and the funny part of it is that you actually do think the lines are good—for a minute.

It is the sort of crook play in which the slangy boys in the underworld snap out quick phrases at each other like "You're so tight you could swim a river with an arm full of eels and not lose one." That's the value of American underworld slang. It saves so much time. But a great deal more time could have been saved in writing "Cornered," and Miss Kennedy could have spent it rehearsing for something worthy of her.

Robert C. Benchley.



## CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

### More or Less Serious

**Belmont.**—"Miss Lulu Bett." Notice later.

**Bijou.**—"The Skin Game." Showing what happens when a patrician condescends to fight against the pushing new generation. An interesting and well-written drama by Galsworthy.

**Frasce.**—"The Women of Bronze." On the hypotenuse of an old-fashioned triangle play Margaret Anglin erects a square which equals the sum of all the rest of the emotional acting in town. (A slightly clumsy figure which simply means, "Don't miss it.")

**Garrick.**—"Heartbreak House." It may mean something and it may not, but it is for the most part very amusing and you can sleep through the scenes which aren't. (A Mr. Shaw wrote it, by the way.)

**Maxine Elliott's.**—"Spanish Love." Amorous dalliance executed with much the same spirit as that of a bullfight. Bright colors and Spanish dancing on the side.

**Morisco.**—"The Bat." Think of a crime. Multiply it by two. Add another. Multiply the result by four. And here they are, including the crime you first thought of.

**Playhouse.**—"Thy Name Is Woman." A pretty little domestic scene in the Pyrenees, in which Mary Nash flashes her eyes constantly and Jose Ruben wields an extremely mean dirk.

**Thirty-Ninth Street.**—"Samson and Delilah." The Russian actor Ben-Ami's first part in English, played with extraordinary skill, making a memorable event of a Scandinavian tragedy of artist home-life.

**Times Square.**—"The Mirage." One of those plays about the girl who came to New York to make good and made a lot of money instead. Florence Reed does all that can be done with the part, but there isn't much left of it after all these years.

### Comedy and Things Like That

**Astor.**—"Cornered." Reviewed in this issue.

**Belasco.**—"Deburau." To be reviewed next week.

**Booth.**—"The Prince and the Pauper." William Faversham delightfully swashbuck-

ling in a pleasant little dramatization of the Mark Twain story, beautifully staged. A good holiday play.

**Broadhurst.**—"When We Are Young." There isn't much that you can say against it except that it isn't very good. It's clean and wholesome, and Henry Hull and Alma Tell are in it. You can take it or leave it and never know the difference.

**George M. Cohan.**—"The Tavern." Arnold Daly in a delicious burlesque of romantic drama, the wildest and most illegitimate production ever staged. Something to tell your grandchildren about.

**Cohan and Harris.**—"Welcome Stranger." Rustic play of conventional mold, with enough good acting by George Sidney to make up for its general lack of taste. It's about a Jew who shows a Yankee town a few pointers.

**Comedy.**—"The Bad Man." Holbrook Blinn in one of the season's notable characterizations, that of a gentleman bandit who cleans up the Mexican border with gun and satire.

**Eltinge.**—"Ladies' Night." About the only play in town that you would feel ashamed to be seen coming out of—unless you were leaving at the end of the first act. Very popular.

**Empire.**—"Mary Rose." To be reviewed next week.

**Forty-Eighth Street.**—"The Broken Wing." An airplane crashes through the wall of a Mexican house early in the play, and from then on it deals with amnesia and broken English in what is generally considered to be an interesting manner.

**Fulton.**—"Enter Madame." Superior light comedy of artistic temperament calling for superior acting—and getting it.

**Gaiety.**—"Lightnin'." Reaches its 1000th performance on New Year's.

**Greenwich Village.**—"The Beggar's Opera." To be reviewed next week.

**Henry Miller's.**—"Just Suppose." A highly sentimental little play about a Virginia girl who hooks the Prince of Wales, thereby breaking the Virginia Girls' Association record—and the Prince's heart. Very nice indeed.

**Hudson.**—"The Meanest Man in the World." George M. Cohan lending zip by his admirable characterization to an otherwise conventional business comedy.

**Little.**—"The First Year." One of the funniest plays you have ever seen, because it is all about you and your family, and

you wonder how Frank Craven ever knew you well enough to do it.

**Lyceum.**—"The Gold Diggers." Ina Claire in a box-office success dealing with chorus girls and their revenue agents.

**Nora Bayes.**—"Three Live Ghosts." One of the few plays about the war which is amusing enough to carry it on through these placid days of peace.

**Park.**—"Bab." All sub-debs home from boarding-school should take their parents to see Helen Hayes in this. It will be a lesson to them.

**Princess.**—"Coo-Coo Cottage." To be reviewed later.

**Plymouth.**—"Little Old New York." An attractive glimpse of Manhattan in 1810 and also of Genevieve Tobin in boy's clothes.

**Punch and Judy.**—"Rollo's Wild Oat." Roland Young in an amusing little piece about a young man who would play Hamlet. Another of those Kummer-Young trifles which lend delicacy to any season.

**Republic.**—"Daddy Dumplings." Just the play for Christmas week if you don't mind having your heart broken by seven little children and an old man.

### Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Apollo.**—"Jimmie." Frances White in an ickily sentimental musical comedy, if you can picture such a thing. The music is very pleasant.

**Casino.**—"Honeydew." Fortunately a good cast is entrusted with a score by Efrem Zimbalist, so the book doesn't make much difference.

**Central.**—"Atgar." A French and English spectacle, almost ruined by the addition of the five hundred worst American jokes, but saved by the strictly Parisian naivete of Alice Delysia and the Poiret gowns.

**Century.**—"Mecca." A procession of gorgeous trappings and magnificent scenes, with a great many people on the stage at once, presumably all those who have written open letters in praise of the entertainment.

**Century Roof.**—An elaborate revue along about 11:30 P. M. for those who are working late in town.

**Cort.**—"Jim Jam Jems." A jazzical comedy, containing some good features out of vaudeville.

**Globe.**—"Tip-Top." Fred Stone and a stageful of musical entertainers giving a very pleasant show. Write a polite note to your ticket agency inclosing a good-sized pearl, and maybe they will get you a seat.

**Hippodrome.**—"Good Times." Juvenile conversation about this performance will outlast most of the Christmas toys.

**Knickerbocker.**—"Mary." Some catchy music and good dancing carrying a passable story along at tremendous speed.

**Liberty.**—"Lady Billy." Reviewed in this issue.

**Longacre.**—"Pitter-Patter." Ernest Truex in a musical version of "Caught in the Rain." Not so good.

**Lyric.**—"Her Family Tree." To be reviewed next week.

**New Amsterdam.**—"Sally." To be reviewed next week.

**Selwyn.**—"Tickle Me." Some very nice music and some very nice girls and a guy named Frank Tinney. Very nearly impregnable as a combination.

**Shubert.**—"Greenwich Village Follies." Extremely artistic arrangement of beautiful trifles, with a certain amount of a certain kind of comedy. Savoy and Brennan help.

**Vanderbilt.**—"Irene." The musical comedy success of two seasons and two continents.

**Winter Garden.**—"The Passing Show of 1920." To be reviewed next week.

**Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.**—Fool and dancing for those who like such things, and a great many young ladies singing songs and marching about.

1921

1 by one the years are slipping;

Though be 9 ly some have run,

Others have been far 2 gripping;

What will this have lost or 1 ?

### Man Proposes

*How He Thinks He Did It*

"ADELAIDE, darling, you must know that to me you are the only woman in the world. You are the shining star of my inspiration, the far goal of my success. My fortune lies in your hands, to make or mar. I love you, my Adelaide. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, Horace."

*How He Did It*

"Adelaide, . . . Adelaide, . . . I think you ought to know. . . . It seems to me that by this time you ought to see how I feel."

"What is it, Horace?"

"My inspiration, . . . my inspiration is that I've never been in love. I haven't loved anybody, ever, . . . Adelaide, . . . and I never will. I promise you that."

"You promise me that you will never love anyone, Horace? That is odd."

"Not odd, Adelaide. I am like that. I am true—true to my star. My shining star—to make or mar, Adelaide. . . . Aren't you going to say anything? It's up to you to—to say something, Adelaide."

"I understand! Yes, dear, I will marry you."

SOME people are like money—easy to change, but hard to find.

### His Helpmate

"I WONDER if you realize, dearest," said the beautiful young girl who had been brought up with such tender care by her intelligent parents, "that, although we have now been engaged for weeks and are on the eve of getting married, we have not yet discussed and settled the business part."

"I do indeed, darling," replied the young lover, as a new light of respectful ardor came into his eyes; "but, assuming that those vulgar matters must be distasteful to one of your extraordinary æsthetic accomplishments, I have purposely avoided anything that might disturb you."

"I appreciate your sheltering solicitude more than I can say," replied his beautiful companion, "but you have totally misunderstood my practical mind if you thought me unmindful of business. As I have just read in a charming book on the domestic problem, we must face the hard facts of life together. Let me tell you what we must do."

"Go on, dearest. You interest me profoundly."



"JAMES, YOU MAY SERVE THE CAKE THAT I MADE FOR MR. PHILLIP'S BIRTHDAY."

"SORRY, MADAM, BUT MY UNION FORBIDS MY SERVING A NON-UNION PRODUCT."

"We must settle at once whether we shall have a built-in sideboard or not, just where my dressing table and telephone shall be placed, and what color the new car papa is going to give me shall be painted. Also—"

But her lover seized her and exclaimed:

"Say no more. Now my happiness is complete. With you by my side, we can face the financial future with perfect serenity."

### New Year Resolutions of a Modern Husband

TO finance his wife's change from wool back to silk stockings without comment, whenever it shall be required.

To omit the usual tirade against the landlord when the rent is raised, since it is non-essential.

To begin saving money for the summer vacation, so as to have enough to meet his life-insurance premium.

To let his wife select the new motor car peaceably.

To endure Prohibition cheerfully, as a good citizen, and not allow the troubles encountered in obtaining liquor to make him irritable.



*Precept Upon Precept, Line Upon Line—Here a Titter and There a Titter*

A SCRAPPY New Year—eh?

\* \* \*

Murder, murder everywhere—and not a clue to link.

\* \* \*

Go to it, boys, and take what's base out of baseball.

\* \* \*

No, plebiscite is not a mineral. It's a sop thrown to the idealists.

\* \* \*

Where is there a mince pie like Cæsar's wife?

\* \* \*

Those Russian Bolsheviks certainly are "nutty." By abolishing marriage and money they vainly imagine that they can get rid of Cupid and cupidity.

\* \* \*

Probably any resolution you make at present will pass.

\* \* \*

The Ten Commandments seem to be off on a vacation. Or have they gone in search of the Fourteen Points?

\* \* \*

A movement is on foot in Tammany Hall to purge that organization of Colonial Dames.

\* \* \*

Among the holiday novelties is a new super-aeroplane especially designed for swooping down upon fast mail trains and carrying off the loot.

\* \* \*

With Chicago crooks banished to New York and New York crooks relegated to Chicago, how much less crime will there be?

\* \* \*

The almost-perfect Sunday about to bless this country will permit murders and hold-ups only between the hours of 1 and 2 A. M. and 10 and 11 P. M. Burglars are expected to quit work promptly at midnight on Saturday.



*The Youngster:* GANGWAY, THERE, OLD MAN!



"HURRY, AGNES. WHY DO YOU PERSIST IN CALLING EVERY NAME ON THAT LIST? YOU KNOW THEY'RE ALL OUT OF TOWN."

"WELL, HARRY, IT'S QUITE A BARGAIN. CENTRAL GIVES ME MY NICKEL BACK WHEN THEY DON'T ANSWER, SO IT DOESN'T COST ME ANYTHING."

Bologna, Italy, has acquired recently an unsavory reputation as a revolutionary center. Hitherto it has been known chiefly for its sages and its sausages.

\* \* \*

The middleman doesn't belong to the middle classes. He owns them.

\* \* \*

It was the influence of Tolstoi that led young Garland of Boston to refuse a legacy of one million dollars. How careful we writers should be in our outpourings!

\* \* \*

We moderns travel faster than our ancestors, but where are we going?

\* \* \*

Flighty young couples have started the aeroplane-marriage fad. The theory is that a little extra risk at such a time doesn't count.

\* \* \*

Europe is getting crazier all the time. Even Mt. Blanc has lost its head—and it was a mighty cool one, too.

\* \* \*

Only the brave deserve membership in New York clubs.

\* \* \*

Of course, crimes will continue to be committed if their perpetrators aren't.

\* \* \*

Fresh bread is all right in its way, but—oh, boy!—do you remember the old toast?

\* \* \*

TOASTMASTER: We have with us to-night—

CHORUS AT TABLES: No, we haven't!

*Edward S. Van Zile.*





"GO TO IT, KID"

### The Cage

I'VE learned to love the gilded cage you gave me—

I've learned to love the perches where I swing;

And when I see your face,

I poise with easy grace

Up on the topmost perch and bravely sing!

I care naught for the brilliant world beyond me.

Some mystic spell I hardly can explain  
Does hold me tenderly.

If you gave me liberty,

I'd plead to have my gilded cage again!  
*Mabel Haughton Collyer.*

### Not a Wasted Day

HE was a Boy Scout and—a real boy. He was asked, "Have you done a kind deed every day, something to make someone happy?"

"Well," he confessed, "I went to see my aunt yesterday, and—and—well, I guess she was happy when I went home!"

### The Unhistorical Novel

MRS. WHARTON'S new book, *The Age of Innocence*, is an incisive and almost corrosive study of the most exclusive inner circles of Society here in New York. It is a historical novel in that it deals not with the present, but with the past. The author does not specify the exact date when the action begins, but as the hero sees Ada Dyas and Harry Montague in the love-scene of *The Shaughraun*, we can identify the year as 1877, since Montague died in 1878. Mrs. Wharton is particular and abundant in topical allusions so as to bring out the antique flavor of life here on Manhattan Island forty-three years ago. As she is recognized as a most careful and conscientious artist, we may take it for granted that she has tried hard to be accurate.

But shortly after seeing Dyas and Montague in *The Shaughraun* the hero unpacks his box of books from London, "full of things he had been waiting for

impatiently" (page 137). In this box he finds "another collection of Guy de Maupassant's incomparable tales"—and Maupassant's first book was not published until 1880. He finds "a novel called *Middlemarch*, as to which there had lately been interesting things said in the reviews"—and *Middlemarch* was published in 1872, and had been followed by *Daniel Deronda* in 1876. He finds Rossetti's "House of Life"—and this sonnet-sequence did not appear until 1881. Later he has a clandestine interview (page 311) in the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park—and that was not begun until 1879. On page 236 there is mention of the stylographic pen, and on page 342 there is mention of the typewriter—and in 1877 these utilities were not in use, since they had not been invented. And finally (on page 184) an august dame shrinks with horror at the possibility of the newspapers printing a photograph of her daughter—and in 1877 no newspaper was printing photographs of anybody, the process permitting it not having been invented.

And the moral of this is? Well, it is that these things are trifles, but that Michel Angelo was justified in saying that "trifles make perfection, and perfection is not a trifle." It is that the historical novel is always more or less a mass of miscellaneous misinformation. In 1877 Mrs. Wharton was herself living in New York; she was then old enough to sit up and take notice; she is now a most accomplished and a most scrupulous artist; and the slips she has made in *The Age of Innocence* are merely added evidence that we can't put ourselves back in the past—even if only forty-three years. We can't step out of our own century. We can't step off our own shadows.

If so skilful a craftsman as Mrs. Wharton cannot command accuracy, we need not cavil at the countless errors which are bristling in the pages of most historical novelists. In fact, we need not be surprised at the complacency with which a German practitioner of this impossible art made a soldier bid farewell to his wife, with the explanation that "I am now leaving you for the Seven Years' War."

B. M.

### A Great System

RUB: How are things in Congress?  
DUB: Present prospects are fine. The Senate is certain it can prevent anything being accomplished for at least three weeks.

HOW long have you been in New York?"

"Not long—six hold-ups."



## LOCAL GOSSIP

HI TOWNS wuz goin' over Little Crick Bridge when one o' them rip-snortin' auto fellers come along and wanted to know the way to Poppinville. Hi told him, and 'lowed he'd a right smart machine, and the feller begun a-braggin' and a-blowin'. "Why," sez he, "she's so fast I shook off two cycle cops comin' down."

"Wall, that's somethin'!" sez Hi. "But Aleck Perkins with his flivver t'other day shook off Aunt Mary and an extra tire."

(To be continued)

## Fleeting

"I SEE your son is home for the holidays."

"I think I caught a glimpse of him the other day."

WOULDN'T brother Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League be the most appropriate selection for Secretary of the Interior?



"OH, JIM, I'VE JUST FOUND THE LIST OF NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS I MADE OUT FOR YOU TO SIGN A YEAR AGO, AND YOU'VE BROKEN EVERY ONE OF THEM."

"WELL, DEAR, SUPPOSE YOU SIGN IT YOURSELF THIS YEAR AND SEE IF YOU CAN KEEP 'EM ANY BETTER."

## Ode to a Handkerchief

USEFUL and ornamental, too; plain, or bedecked with border blue

Or laces, thou hast (*entre nous*) never received thy lawful due,  
O Handkerchief!

A thousand uses thou dost know! In the breast pocket of a beau

Thou merely art a thing for show—while some reserve thee for  
"a blow,"

O Handkerchief!

What if cheap cotton or fair lace? Thou'lt serve to cover a grimace,

Or rub the powder off one's face, or dust from some neglected place,

Or flirt with, wave a fond good-by, or get a cinder from the eye;  
Perspiring hands and foreheads dry, absorb the teardrops when we cry;

Sneeze into, bind abraded skin or aching heads, tie money in,  
Wash off the baby's sticky chin, or flutter when our favorites win;

Or shine our shoes, erase a spot, save wilting collars when it's hot,

And when a head cold one has caught, what *would* he do if it were not

For thee, O noble Handkerchief?

O Handkerchief! Thou faithful friend, to use, display (and sometimes lend),

I've saved thy chief boon for the end: When we're perplexed what gift to send,

There always is

The Handkerchief!

Eliot Harlow Robinson.

## Politics and the Mode

MRS. SARAH GHADABOUT, widely known suffragist and social leader, addressed the First Voters' Armenian-American Republican Social Club last night. She spoke briefly on the scrubwoman in politics. Mrs. Ghadabout, who is a stylish stout, was gowned in a sport suit of cartridge silk, the coat cut rather straight and of conservative length. She wore white linen oxfords and white silk hose. Her accessories were a copy of the League covenant and an ostrich fan that is a family heirloom. Mrs. Ghadabout will speak before the East Side Republican Dancing and Reform Club to-morrow night. On that occasion she will wear a gray dinner frock of georgette crepe over a foundation of eucalyptus green satin.

Miss Pearl Staghey, prominent Democratic orator, spoke last evening before the Hungarian Democratic American Athletic and Social Association. Her hat had a filet front and was touched here and there with worsted embroidery. Her dress, something very exquisite, was of coral chiffon over coral satin, the train being carried by her little niece, Toodles Staghey. The gown was cut low in front and had a decided "V" in the back, disclosing her shapely shoulders, which she shrugged expressively when speaking of the recent Republican landslide. Several women in the audience, while unable to follow her argument, have announced their intention to copy her gown.

## At the Night Club

"WHAT! Five dollars for a lobster salad! Outrageous!"

"Yes, sir; but you see, sir, we're putting on a very expensive cabaret show and—"

"I know all about the cabaret show, waiter. I more than paid for that with the oysters."

### Horsemanship

ONCE I mounted Pegasus,  
And shouted like a clown,  
Because he did not throw me,  
But cantered up and down.

I boasted how I rode him  
And posed before the crowds—  
Until I saw a rider  
Leap with him to the clouds!

### Years of Indiscretion

EDWARD ROCHIE HARDY, JR., the twelve-year-old prodigy who is now a member of the freshman class at Columbia University, was recently interviewed by Fay Stevenson, a feature writer for the New York *Evening World*. When asked whether he was wont to play ball or marbles with boys of his own age, the precocious little fellow is quoted as having replied:

"I do none of these things, madam." A shadow of disgust fell over his face as he said this, and he spoke in a slightly hurt tone. "I never ride a bicycle, roller skate, play ball (football, basketball, baseball or any kind of ball). I never play marbles, tops or any sort of games, and I have never eaten a piece of candy."

We commend the case of young Mr. Hardy to the consideration of our esteemed contemporary, Clare Briggs; for, as we view the matter through our old-fashioned and somewhat glazed eyes, the American boy who is willing to admit that he has never ridden a bicycle, roller skated, played ball, shot marbles, spun tops or eaten a piece of candy, is the perfect example of "When a feller needs a friend."



"JANE, I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY DOLLARS IF YOU GET THE BUTLER TO SWEAR OFF DRINKING THIS YEAR. I SIMPLY CAN'T AFFORD IT. FROM THE WAY HE CONSUMES LIQUOR, HE SEEMS TO THINK I'M A REVENUE OFFICER."



SEEING THE LIGHT

### John Knew

"I JUST ran in for a moment, my dear, and I am so glad to find you home. Didn't I see your husband drive up in a taxi?"

"Yes. John came home early from the office. He isn't feeling well."

"I hope it isn't serious."

"I don't think so."

"Well, I don't know. My husband died that way. I knew when I saw your husband get out of the cab he was a sick man. Mine got home without a cab. What doctor have you sent for?"

"John said it wasn't necessary."

"That's what Henry said—an hour before he died. I shall never forgive myself."

"Well, perhaps—"

"Don't waste a minute, my dear. It may be too late now."

John suddenly appeared in a bath-robe at the door.

"I overheard you," he said. "But it's a little different in my case. I know exactly what's the matter with me. In a few minutes I shall be recovered."

"Are you sure you've located the trouble?"

"Absolutely."

"Oh, tell me what it is."

"Neighboritis."

### Educational

"THE movies have accomplished one good thing, anyhow."

"What is that?"

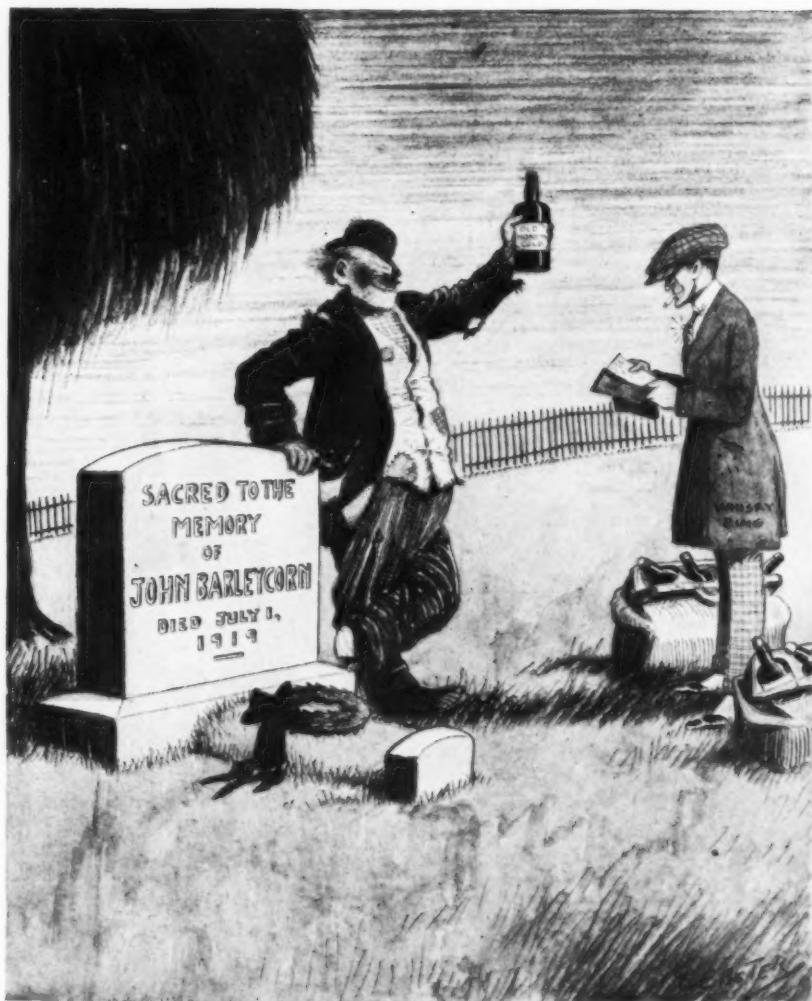
"More and more people are learning to pronounce 'film' in one syllable."

WELL, happy blue year!



"HE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED"





A TOAST AT THE GRAVE

"THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!"

### The Higher Criticism

TWO Scotchmen from the Highlands traveled to the Granite City for a week's holiday, and there saw many things for the first time. While walking down Crown Street a water cart passed them and began sprinkling the dust, much to their astonishment. After a moment's hesitation, Jock ran behind the cart, shouting to the driver, "Hi, mon! Yer scalin' aw yer warter!"

This break annoyed Sandy, who rushed after his friend and said, "Jock, dinna show yer ignorance. It's ta keep the laddies fra hangin' on the back."

"HUBBY, the wolf is at the door."

"Speaking metaphorically, my dear, or has the landlord arrived for his rent?"

### A Dark Cloud With a Liquid Lining

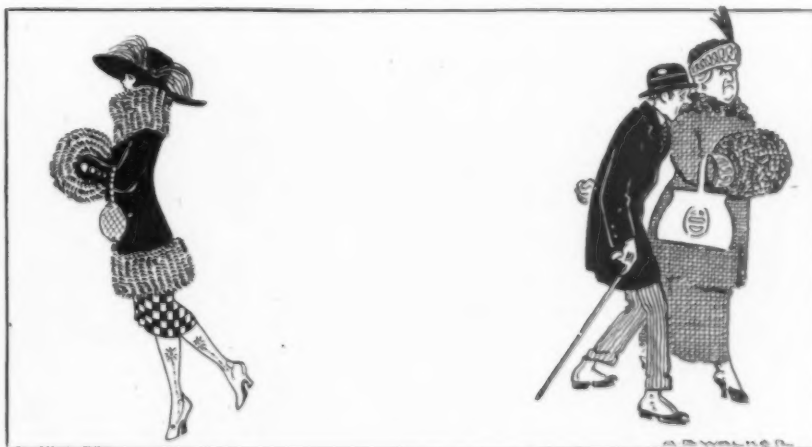
LIQUOR traffic policemen in Massachusetts have found other liquor traffic policemen in the shape of manikins, six inches tall, with one arm extended to direct traffic. The manikins were sold as souvenirs. The liquor was inside the manikins. The cork was under the diminutive copper's raised arm.

Here, at last, is an adequate reason for the existence of "souvenirs." The hand-painted clam shell inscribed with "greetings from Hogan's Point landing" need no longer belie its welcome. Impractically small shoes made from chewed-up thousand-dollar bills, plaster and Babbitt's metal models of public edifices and institutions, china bric-à-brac and other exotic objets d'art inscribed with affectionate salutations from their native heaths have long leered emptily at us from otherwise chaste mantelpieces. They may still leer—but not so emptily. Scorn not the pale-pink conch shell that lies by your neighbor's hearth. It possibly contains a precious pint of the purest rye. Refuse no "presents from Asbury Park"—particularly if they look hollow. Don't throw away the next burnt-leather handkerchief case that your aunt may send you from Los Angeles. Search for the cork and be wise.

### Tact

BRIGGS: I opened an account at Slater's bank yesterday, and I must say he treated me well.

GRIGGS: Yes. Slater tells me he makes a point of being polite to all the small depositors.



"THE WORM WILL TURN" SOME TIME, BUT NOT NOW



*Owner (to burglar, greatly excited): FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T THROW UP YOUR HANDS!*

## Rhymed Reviews

Margot Asquith, An Autobiography  
(Geo. H. Doran Company)

ENTHRALLED, I ponder now and then  
Upon the English Upper Classes,  
For some are plainly supermen,  
While other some are silly asses.

Yet they have bossed their ship of state  
As Captain Jason bossed the Argo.  
I wonder how they contemplate  
Such fair phenomena as Margot!

Secure through custom, wealth and birth,  
With all that goes with sound digestion,  
Her place upon the peaks of earth  
Is what she never stops to question.

A lesser person rarely deems  
His every act or thought essential,  
But all she does or says or dreams  
She calmly knows is consequential.

The best of riders (this she owns),  
In reckless youth she fractures nearly  
A score of quite important bones  
And several hearts, but none severely.

Courageous, free, she tells her tales  
Of those she must have puzzled sorely—  
Of Albert Edward Prince of Wales,  
Of Gladstone, Tennyson and Morley.

But be forewarned to check the hope  
That earnest souls are sure to dandle:  
Her book, though free enough in scope,  
Is not a magazine of scandal.

So falsely trained, so bright, sincere  
And brave!—how sad that Margot  
Asquith  
Was born to such a lofty sphere!—  
And that's the thought I end my task  
with. *Arthur Guiterman.*



*Neighbor:* CAN SHE TALK YET?  
*Proud Father:* SHE CAN SAY "I WON'T" ALMOST AS PLAINLY AS MY WIFE CAN.

## Ungilding the Lily

GIRLS attending the Chicago High School have been forbidden the use of lipsticks and rouge and the wearing of transparent stockings and sleeves above the elbow. They will have to be contented to blush unseen—and as nature intended them to.

One appreciates at once the attempt to restrict immodest dress and the use of cosmetics. One wonders, though, what the school has done to offset their loss. After all, the girls are not trying to be wicked. They are trying, in a newly-born consciousness of self, to be charming.

Is the Chicago High School doing anything to provide the students with an opportunity to triumph naturally over rouge and lipstick by increased athletics, by games and dancing, by scouting and hikes? Having forbidden artificial means, it is only fair that the Chicago High School increase its efforts to give each girl a chance—as big a chance as possible—to develop the natural charm of normal health. With the genuine readily obtainable, the desire for imitation dwindles.

H. W. H.

"DID Billy dance with you to-night?"  
"He danced, but not *with me*."

## JUNGLE CHILD WELFARE WORK



NURSE: Listen to the tick-tock of my watch, dear!

LITTLE JOCKO: I don't hear any tick-tock.



"What's that? Try the other ear, child."

"I don't hear any tick-tock with that ear, either!"



"Doctor! Doctor! This child is plumb deaf in both ears! He can't hear my watch tick!"



DOCTOR: Neither can I, nurse. Your watch isn't going!





### Beansey's Happy New Year

I HOPE you'll have a good supply—  
(A dog may send a New Year greeting)—

Of bones and things, and never die  
Of overeating.

I wish a snug, soft bed for you  
Where you may sleep till ten, or later.  
I hope they'll never chain you to  
The radiator.

May you escape the watchful cop;  
May no unchastened kitty scratch you.  
I hope that Vengeance with a Mop  
Will never catch you.

If you are sore on everyone  
And weary of life's pesky puzzle,  
I hope they'll let you take a run  
Without your muzzle.

I hope you'll have a nice, soft collar  
As handsome as mine is, or nearly—  
And only have to pay a dollar  
In taxes yearly.

Frederic Dorr Steele.

### Puzzle

WHO is it that, when she hears you  
sneaking downstairs in the night,  
always calls after you and asks:

Is there a burglar in the house?  
Is the house on fire?  
Do you smell gas?  
Did you leave a light burning?  
Has the plumbing burst?  
Did you forget to put out the cat?  
Did you forget to lock the front door?  
Can't you sleep?  
Don't you feel well?

but never thinks to ask the real question:  
Are you thirsty?

THE ashes of love are usually put in a  
divorce case.

### Save the Poe Cottage!

WE have received many letters from admirers of Edgar Allan Poe commending us for our attempt to save his home in Fordham, New York, but the following communication is, perhaps, the most eloquent of all:

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Sir: I notice you plea in LIFE to save the home of Edgar Poe. Would say, "that I am a great admirer of "Poe," and am willing to give a small amount to save the place, but I would want to feel that I could get my contribution back, if the progic should fail. If I should ever visit your city, that is one place I would want to visit. I am a poor man but willing to give some.

Res. C. A. Hooks.

Oxford Fla.

We hasten to reassure Mr. Hooks, and all other readers who are interested, that, if the "progic" should fail, all the money which is contributed to the Poe Cottage Fund through this magazine will be returned to the original donors. However, we are out to guarantee that the "progic" shall not fail—that the necessary twenty thousand dollars shall be raised, and the cottage saved as a permanent memorial to America's most brilliant genius. Everyone who appreciates the remarkable beauty and power of Poe's writings should con-

tribute to this fund, and we are quite sure that everyone will.

The following gifts are gratefully acknowledged:

F. A. L.....	\$2.00
Harry L. Palmer.....	1.00
Mrs. A. Swose.....	1.00
Result of a bridge and social in Pelham Manor .....	4.50

Total .....	\$8.50
Previously acknowledged.....	106.10

Total .....\$114.60

### LIFE'S Title Contest

THE judges of LIFE's \$1,000.00 title contest present their compliments and beg to announce that their work is nearly finished. They will have an important announcement to make in next week's issue.

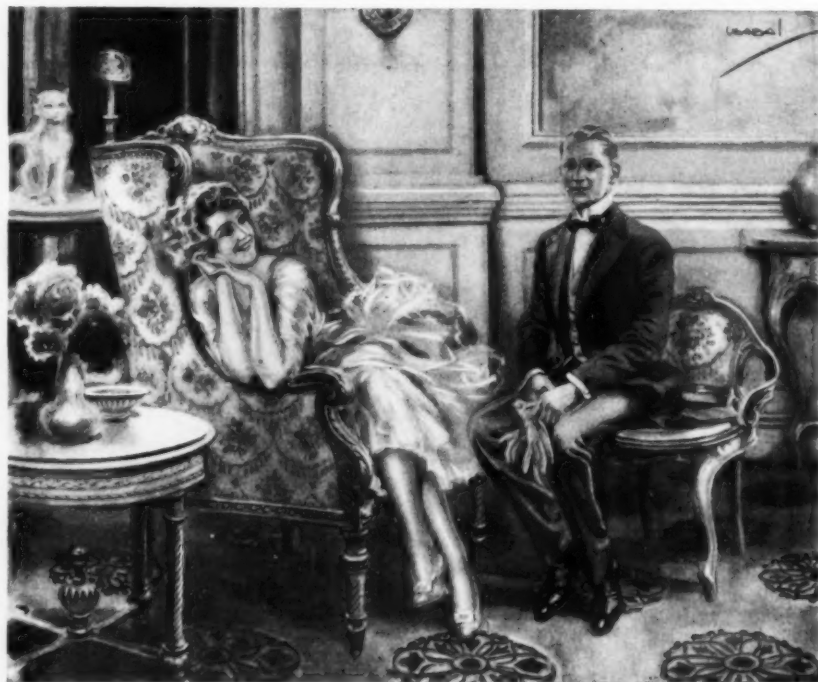
With the first appearance of LIFE for the new year, we will publish the date on which the prizes will be awarded. This issue will appear on January 6th.

It had been hoped that the announcement could be made sooner. The judges regret that this was impossible, owing to the large number of replies received from contestants.

### Not Quite

THE old-fashioned slate has completely gone out."

"Not quite. It's still used in coal bins."



The Overpowering Hostess: ARE YOU QUITE COMFORTABLE IN THAT CHAIR?  
Trembling Guest: NO—BUT I WOULDN'T DARE SAY I WASN'T!



Stocking mileage is something to think about now. Not "how much does it cost?" but "how far will it carry one?" is the important consideration. Phoenix hosiery has achieved first place in world sales because it has persistently furnished an enduring elegance at low cost. Is it not wisdom to be mindful of stocking mileage now?

# PHOENIX

## HOSIERY





## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### Vicarious

*L'Esquella* (Barcelona) gives a specimen of Spanish humor in the following story:

A miserly old gentleman was accosted by a street beggar.

"A bit of charity, for the love of God!" whined the beggar.

"I am not in the habit of giving money in the street," was the reply. "I don't want to make a display of my wealth—but here is my address," and he handed over a visiting card of one of his friends.

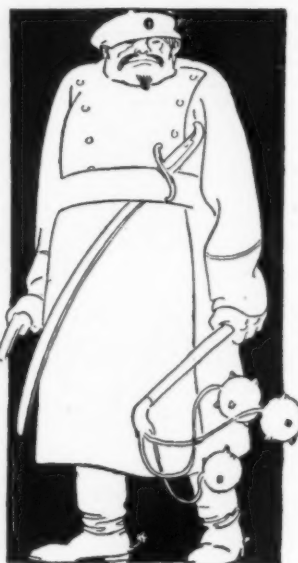
### Lost to the World

MOTHER: Good gracious, Mary, what is the matter with baby?

NURSE: Oh, if you please, mum, I can't do nothing with him. Fido's eaten his diary!—*London Opinion*

MUCH of the art of government consists in taking the sting out of new ideas.

—*London Mercury*.



### SOVIET LIBERTY

"FELLOW PROLETARIANS! COME AND PLACE YOURSELVES UNDER THE KNOT OF LIBERTY!" —*Notenkraker (Amsterdam)*.

### A Day Ashore

A chilly morning in the deserted public park of a miserable northern seaport. A little wild rabbit had crept from under the gorse bushes, and was nibbling grass on the open ground behind the rails. Two ship's stokers, wandering forlornly between sailings, suddenly saw it.

"Keep still," said one; "it's alive!"

Their spirits rose; their forms became alert with interest.

"See the rabbit?" they said excitedly.

Then, as it popped back out of sight:

"What a good thing we come! What a good thing we come!"

—*Westminster Gazette*.

### With Malice Towards None

Advertisement in the *Oklahoma News*: "Party who took green silk pajamas from clothesline at 440 West 12th, please return and no embarrassing exposure will be made on my part."

STOUT LADY: You know, long skirts are going to be in style again—my legs won't be seen any more.

HER HUSBAND: Heaven be praised!

—*L'Illustration (Paris)*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Single current copies, 15 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, J. R. Tanguay, 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.



## To Start the New Year Right Resolve to Have a Good Laugh Every Week

A Subscription to

*Life*

Will ensure this and give you its fun and brightness as well as really up-to-date information in each issue. Why not enjoy the newest joke when it first appears in LIFE, and not wait until it is copied (perhaps without credit) in some other paper? Try it yourself for a year, or, Obey That Impulse, and for a trial trip avail yourself of our

### Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for twelve issues to

(Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.)

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

Foreign \$6.60



"YE COWARD! HIDIN' BEHIND A WOMAN'S SKIRTS"



Before Your Usual Shopping  
Shake Into Your Shoes  
**ALLEN'S  
FOOT-EASE**



It Sets the  
Pace in every  
WALK of Life.

It takes the  
friction from the  
shoe and freshens  
the feet.

Get a package  
to-day

So Easy to Use

And enjoy the bliss of Feet  
without an ache.

Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the  
Feet were used by our Army and Navy during  
the war.

**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, "SHAKE INTO IT!"**

**EAT**

With

**FALSE TEETH**

**Dr. Wernet's  
Powder**

**KEEPS THEM TIGHT**

If your false teeth trouble, consult your  
dentist. For instant aid use Dr. Wernet's.  
Relieves sore gums, sweetens the breath.  
At best Drug or Department Stores, 30c.  
60c, \$1.00 or write direct to  
Wernet Dental Mfg. Co., 114 Beekman St., N.Y.

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS**  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
**-MADE AT KEY WEST-**

Lofty

MARJORIE, aged eight, was busily  
composing a novel. Her smaller  
sister annoyed her by continually chant-  
ing a counting-out rhyme to the effect:

"Ana, mana, mona, mike,  
Barcelona, bona, strike—"

Finally Marjorie could stand it no  
longer.

"Say," said she, "who do you think  
you are—Amy Lowell?"



THE MISSING LINK

**Reductio ad Absurdum**

SHE was five feet four and weighed a  
hundred and sixty-five.

"I must reduce," she said.

"Diet's the thing—no sugar, starch or  
fats!

I'll begin now!"

It was Sunday.

But on Monday she gave a luncheon.

As hostess she *had* to eat

Hot rolls, buttered asparagus

And strawberry shortcake with whipped  
cream.

On Tuesday, John and she dined out.

As guest she *had* to eat

Cream of mushroom soup

And plum pudding with hard sauce.

On Wednesday, as a daughter of the  
Revolution,

For patriotic reasons she *had* to eat

Deviiled lobster and a peach Melba.

On Thursday they went to the country  
club.

The chef tried so hard to please

That, in order not to hurt his feelings,

She ate French-fried potatoes

And chocolate parfait with fudge cake.

On Friday, at tea with Mrs. Weymore,

The meal consisted solely of

Hot chocolate with whipped cream, and  
French pastry.

It would have been rude to have refused  
everything.

On Saturday week-end guests arrived,

Bringing candied fruits and chocolates.

One cannot be impolite to guests,

And she didn't eat *very* much.

On Sunday evening John made

One of his famous Welsh rabbits.

He was *so* proud of them,

What could a wife do?

Jeannette Phillips Gibbs.

JIMMIE AND BOBBIE: Mother, we don't  
mind going to Sunday school any  
other day, but it just spoils Sunday.

**BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT**

From JASON WEILER & SONS, Boston, Mass.

One of America's leading diamond importers  
and save 20 to 40 per cent. on regular retail prices

For over 44 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons  
of Boston has been one of the leading diamond import-  
ing concerns in America



1 Carat, \$145.00

This one carat diamond is of fine  
brilliance and perfectly cut. Mounted  
in Tiffany style 14K, solid gold setting.  
Order this diamond, take it to any  
jeweler and if he says it can be du-  
plicated for less than \$200.00 send it  
back and your money will be returned  
at once without a quibble.  
Our price direct to you.... \$145.00



Men's Green Gold  
Diamond Ring \$395.00

Fine blue white perfectly cut dia-  
mond, embedded in solid platinum.  
Ring is handsomely hand-carved in  
Grecian design.



**Ladies' All Platinum  
Diamond Ring**

Sixteen perfectly cut, blue-white dia-  
monds, set on the sides - large cen-  
ter stone is of fine, blue-white color.  
The ring is solid platinum, exquisitely  
hand carved and pierced. Our price  
direct to you..... \$530.00

We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in  
Boston

If desired, rings will be sent  
to your bank or any Express  
Co. with privilege of examina-  
tion. Our diamond guarantee  
for full value for all time goes  
with every purchase.

**WRITE TODAY  
FOR THIS 137  
VALUABLE  
CATALOG ON  
HOW TO BUY  
DIAMONDS**

This book is beautifully il-  
lustrated. Tells how to  
judge, select and buy dia-  
monds. Tells how they mine,  
cut and market diamonds.  
This book gives weights,  
sizes and prices of a Million  
Dollars Worth of Dia-  
monds.

A copy will be mailed to you  
FREE on receipt of your name and address.

**Jason Weiler & Sons**

371 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Diamond Importers since 1876

Foreign Agencies: London, Amsterdam and Paris

**MOTORS 1/4 HP** 110 V.A.C. 60 C.S.P. 1750 R.P.M. 1/2" SHAFT 1/2" PULLEY  
**ALL SIZES MOTORS AND GENERATORS UP TO 5 H. P.**  
Largest exclusive Mail Order Small Motor dealers in the world. Write for bargain catalog  
CHAS. H. JOHNSTON - BOX 31 - WEST END, PITTSBURGH, PA.

For free literature concerning the  
**UNITARIAN FAITH**

Address P. O. M., Box 42, Brookline, Mass.

*If you are going to keep a diary during 1921, make your entries with Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. You will appreciate the convenience and neatness that its use permits*

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### All Together Now!

Suggestion for a poly-national anthem, from the New York Evening Post:

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of Wacht am Rhein,  
Erin go bragh.  
Long may Britannia rule,  
Banzai, Hoch, Santé, Sköll!  
Allons, Czech, Turk and Pole,  
A la patrie!

### A Golfer's Rainy Day

Whenever there comes a rainy afternoon the golf bug always has something to do. For instance, we use rainy afternoons to get a haircut, catch up on correspondence, clean up the desk, do necessary shopping, get acquainted with the family.

—Detroit Free Press.

## TELL TOMORROW'S WEATHER

White's Weather Prophet forecasts the weather 8 to 24 hours in advance. Not a toy but a scientifically constructed instrument working automatically. Handsome, reliable and everlasting.

**An Ideal Present**

Made doubly interesting by the little figures of Hansel and Gretel and the Witch, who come in and out to tell you what the weather will be. Size 6 1/2 x 7 1/2; fully guaranteed. Postpaid to any address in U. S. or Canada on receipt of \$1.25

Agents Wanted  
DAVID WHITE, Dept. 32, 419 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

## Cuticura Soap The Velvet Touch For the Skin

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, etc., everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 10, Malden, Mass.

EUROPE 1921

Parties enrolling now. Moderate prices. Most interesting routes. Great success in 1920.

TEMPLE TOURS 65-H. Franklin Street Boston, Mass.

### Financial

It may seem an impossible thing that an impossible man can secure membership of a decent club, yet such instances have occurred. Such an impossible person approached the secretary of his club. "I want your advice, sir," he said. "I have been deliberately insulted by one of the members. I was sitting in the smoking-room, when Colonel ——— came up to me and said, without preamble, 'Sir, I will give you one hundred pounds if you will resign your membership of this club.' Now, what ought I to do in the matter?"

"It's perfectly obvious, sir," said the relieved secretary, with alacrity. "Hold on for a better offer."—Tatler (London).

### A Postoffice Romance

Friendship, N. Y.  
Love, Va.  
Kissimmee, Fla.  
Ring, Ark.  
Parson, Ky.  
Reno, Nev.

—Illinois Siren.

### Out-Hinted

A student at the Teachers' Training College at Warrensburg recently sent a "collect" telegram to the home folks announcing that he was perfectly well, by way of a gentle hint. Later he paid expressage on a heavy box from his supposedly repentant home folks. The box contained a paving brick, however, labeled: "This is the weight your telegram lifted from our hearts."—Missouri Notes, in Kansas City Times.

### In Terms He Understood

An ex-sea captain, expostulating with his pretty daughter, exclaimed, "This is a fine time to be coming home after automobiling with that lubber!"

"But, daddy," explained his daughter, "we were becalmed. The wind died down in one of the tires and we had to wait for it to spring up again."—Harper's.

"WEREN'T you angry with him when he kissed you?"

"Oh, yes—every time."

—Windsor Magazine (London).

PETER J. CAREY & SONS, INC., PRINTERS

### One Sort of Boob

I'd like to bean a certain brainless stiff Who mixes up his syllables and sense In ways like this: "It doesn't make a-diff Of bitterness."

It's seldom bright, but it would not occur To him to stop it just because it's silly; (He speaks of us as "The Foolosopher Of Filly.")

"Birthington's Washday" he considers humorous.

"Fourth of Ju-New Year", a refined invention;

His stenciled witticisms are too numerous To mention.

Oh, is he not a scream? No, he is not;

There ought to be a law against such wit. I'd like to pick his kants—my gosh, he's got Me doing it!

—Ted Robinson, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Office Boy's Off-Hour

The New York Sun reports that of 1,728 office boys whose lives were laid open to the investigation of a self-appointed committee of efficiency experts, it was determined:

Twelve per cent. read "dime" novels; seventeen print their names over seventy times daily; eleven watch the door from the hall, where they pitch pennies; three collect stamps; seven practice typing "The lar'ge brown fox lumped ovEr the laxy dob"; four sleep; three sit and think; six sit.

The remaining thirty-five per cent. is sufficiently clever in its action so that even their bosses don't know what they do.

"I THINK I'll sell Flivver an encyclopedia."

"No chance. He knows it all."

"That means a good chance. He can go through it looking for errors."

—Denver Times.

For repairing China, Glassware, Furniture, Meerschaum, Vases, Tipping Billiard Cues USE



**MAJOR'S CEMENT**

Rubber and Leather Cement are good. All dealers. MAJOR MFG. CO., N. Y. C. Established 1878

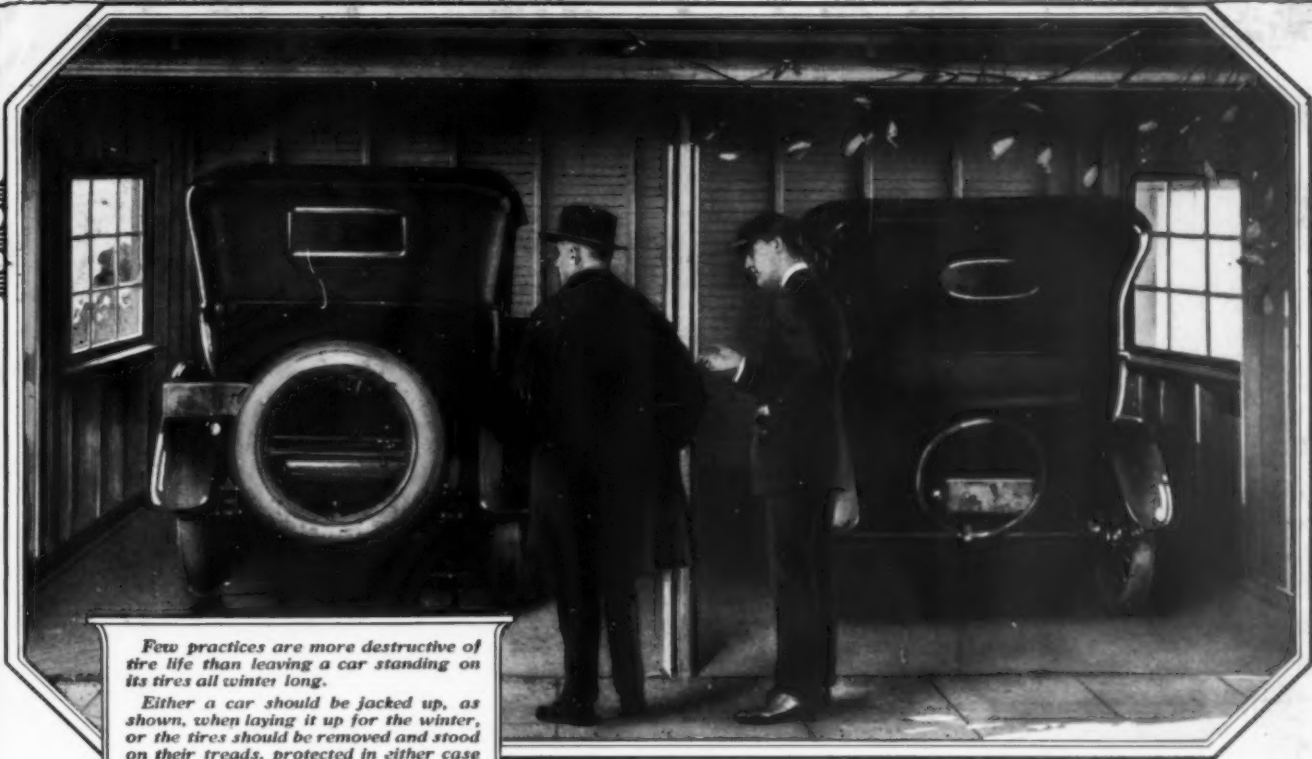
**Sure Relief**



**BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS**

**6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief**

**BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION**



*Few practices are more destructive of tire life than leaving a car standing on its tires all winter long.*

*Either a car should be jacked up, as shown, when laying it up for the winter, or the tires should be removed and stood on their treads, protected in either case from extreme temperatures.*

## Where there is Secrecy and Evasion there is Something to Hide

**S**UPPOSE a man came up to you and offered to sell you a tire.

You would want to know something about it before you bought—where it came from—who made it—what it might be expected to do.

Now reverse the situation. Go into a tire store.

You will never learn anything about the tires you find there from the prices.

The size of the discount will never tell you anything about the actual value of the tires.

There is only one way of telling

anything about the tires you find in a tire store—by their reputation—the standing and responsibility of the company behind them.

If a dealer has the right kind of tires in his store they will be known. They will have a reputable name on them. The buyer will be given facts about the tires.

\* \* \*

The facts about United States Tires are easily obtainable.

Thousands of dealers all over the country stand ready to give them to you.

Dealers who are more interested in securing the confidence and good

will of the motoring public than they are in merely selling a number of tires.

The United States Rubber Company stands behind these dealers with all the strength and influence at its command.

Backing their responsibility with its own: *Staking all of its great and wide and varied resources on the quality of its tires and of its dealers.*

\* \* \*

United States Tires are always worth what you pay for them.

And the dealer who sells them to you is worth just that much more as a straightforward tire merchant.

# United States Tires

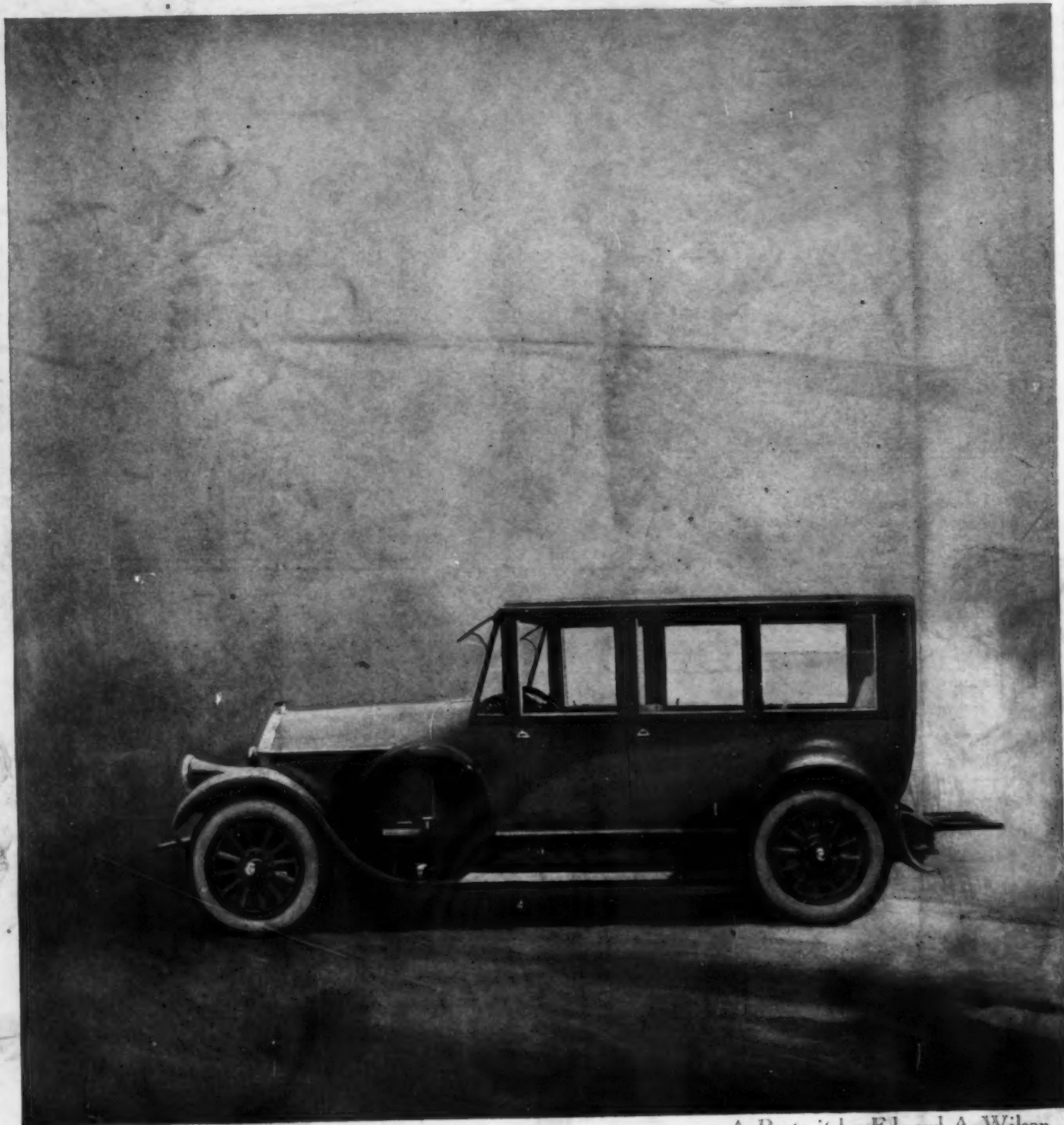
## United States Rubber Company

*Fifty-three  
Factories*

*The oldest and largest  
Rubber Organization in the World*

*Two hundred and  
thirty-five Branches*





The Pierce-Arrow Sedan

A Portrait by Edward A. Wilson

*Pierce-Arrow*

